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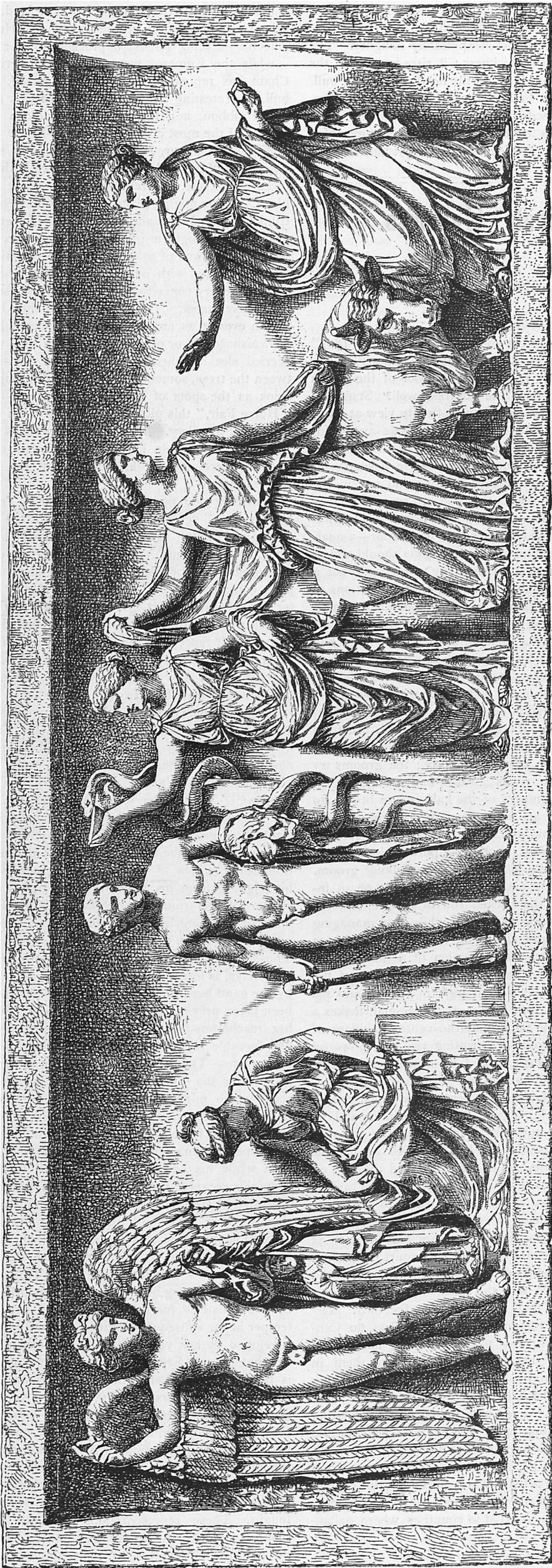
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THE TORLONIA MUSEUM.



JASON AND MEDEA.

FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING BY NICCOLA SANESI, FROM THE MARBLE IN THE TORLONIA MUSEUM.

Venus, that of Agesander (with Polydorus and Athenodorus) on the Laocoön, that of Myron on the Discobolus, that of Agasias on the Fighting Gladiator, or that of Apollonius on the Torso Belvidere, we are almost as much in the dark as ever. We find the names of Greek sculptors freely signed in letters that are of a later period, than that in which the artists lived; and we see a name unblushingly looking out from a marble that we know, to be an original, should be a bronze. The copies in stone, which the Romans so loved for their palaces, are to be regarded as the *publication* of the bronze. The names on them are no more to be taken an autographic than the name of Tennyson on the back of a book of poetry is to be taken for his signature. The Romans simply, when they liked a fine Greek bronze, printed off an addition of it in marble, of so many copies. In our time the bronze, being intrinsically valuable, has disappeared into coinage, while the stone cheap edition remains. Besides the Vatican and Massimo copies, there are other ancient ones in the Capitoline and British museums. Myron was celebrated as an animalist also. His Cow was brought from Athens after the conquest, and placed in the Temple of Peace in Rome—a wondrous bit of imitation surely, and worth the care of its journey into Italy for, even as the grapes of Xeuxis deceived birds, so the cow of Myron is claimed to have deceived the sturdy masters of the herds.

EDWARD STRAHAN.

THE TORLONIA MUSEUM.

THERE is no private collection of sculpture in the world so wonderful as that contained in Prince Torlonia's now famous museum, in the Via delle Scuderie beside the Corsini palace at Rome. This museum is not open to the public. Probably not a dozen persons outside the Prince's art-council have had the good fortune to visit it. One of the favored few has given a most interesting account of this remarkable gallery and its jealously guarded art treasures, in a recent number of Blackwood's Magazine. A little garden of superb roses and oranges, says this writer, surrounds the building, which is divided into galleries and subdivided into cabinets by partitions or curtains of cloth of a warm red-brown color. There are five hundred and twenty pieces in all—statues, busts and vases. Not the least striking of these is the magnificent group of Jason and Medea, to which we devote a full-page illustration.

This bas-relief is a part of a slab representing the principal events of the expedition of the Argonauts, who, as every school-boy knows, started from Argos, under the leadership of Jason, to win the "Golden Fleece" and the treasures of Colchis. The stone may have formed a part of the decoration of the building erected by Agrippa, which the people called the "Portico of the Argonauts."

The section is divided into three groups, one of which is incomplete, and probably was the centre of the composition. This is the portion of the engraving nearest the bottom of the page. Hymen with open wings assumes the aspect of a funereal divinity, and the daughter of Æthis seems brooding over her terrible project. Medea is seated in her apartment, which is suggested by the large veil through which the nuptial bed is indicated by the four statuettes which decorate it. Next stands Jason holding the poisonous draught prepared by the fair sorceress, with which he is to kill the serpent, which, twined around the tree, guards the golden fleece. Two women, whose attitudes and countenances are indicative of terror, standing on either side of a bull, complete this splendid piece of sculpture. It was found in 1828 while excavations were being made in the town of the Quintili—now Roma Vecchia.

The most remarkable statue in the Torlonia Museum is the Minerva, which came from the Prince's excavations at Porto where it adorned Trajan's palace. This Minerva, which has never been seen by the public, stands in a sort of sanctuary with full-sized casts of the Vatican and Capitoline Minervas facing her. These alone are considered her fitting companions—for the claim is that she surpasses those famous representations of the most beautiful Phidian type that has come down to us.

The goddess is represented with all the emblems that recall her beneficent acts in favor of humanity according to ancient belief; she wears the ægis, helmet, and shield; at her right is an olive-tree, her gift to the Athenians; on one of its branches a serpent winds horizontally, emblem of wisdom and prudence. The

drapery of the figure falls from the shoulders to the feet in rich ample folds which lie in straight lines, and are so arranged that the arms are left free. The neck and throat are uncovered; this, with the exquisite modelling of the neck, makes the Torlonia Minerva look taller than the Vatican and Capitoline Minervas. The drapery of the Vatican Minerva is probably finer, but the face and head of the Torlonia Minerva are much grander. The casque has the same symbols as the Vatican Minerva, but it is more elegant in form than either of the other casques: it is delicate in shape, and adorns the head in a most graceful manner. The solemn sweet face, the beautifully modelled neck and throat, slightly framed by the falling hair, give the stamp of superiority to the Torlonia Minerva.

The Torlonia Venus, in the opinion of some adequate judges, fully equals, if it does not surpass, the Venus of Milo. The body is nude and full of suppleness and majesty. There is an expression of grave simplicity in the whole figure. The movement and action are entirely free from self-consciousness or shame. It is more grandiose than the Milo in this regard; and its beauty is more ideal and elevated.

There is also in the Torlonia Museum an Apollo which came like the Minerva from the Porto, and has never been seen by the public. The god is represented as the Pythian Apollo with all his attributes. He holds in his left hand the bow; the right arm leans on the sacred tripod, symbol of the oracle. There is a fascinating freedom in the serpentine pose of the Torlonia Apollo, and also a cool, high indifference, which, united to the expression of the face, creates a character of melancholy and disdain. The face is majestic and calm; but it is also sarcastic and sad, as if the god knew humanity would never have the good sense to profit by its revelations.

The group of Hercules and Telephus is one of the most remarkable in the Torlonia Museum. Like Minerva and Apollo, Hercules has his attributes—the club and lion's skin. The god holds his son Telephus most tenderly on one of his great broad hands. The hind that nursed the child stands to the right and gazes up eagerly at her charge. The pose of Telephus is delicious and full of nature: one knee is bent and rests on the huge hand of Hercules, the other baby foot braces against his father's body; his little hands grasp the lion's skin on which he is seated, and which forms the drapery and head-covering of Hercules. The lion's head makes a sort of helmet; the teeth rest on the hero's brows like an upraised visor or a strange crown. The body of the god is so muscular that it is meagre, but at the same time vigorous and bold. The face of Hercules is inexpressibly sad, indeed pathetic; he looks up as if imploring Jove to protect the child, knowing but too well the ingratitude of human hearts, and the vicissitudes of mortal destiny.

There is also a delightful group of Cupid and Psyche. The children are winged. Cupid holds Psyche's head back, and her arms are around him. The expression of the faces is delicious. They gaze at each other intently: it is a look of deep spiritual felicity, which arises from the certainty of knowing and belonging to one another in eternal union and happiness.

The most lovely statue in the museum, however, in the opinion of the writer in Blackwood's Magazine, is a seated figure of a woman. The expression of the face, the unconsciousness of the pose, seem to belong to a solitary moment. The limbs are very elegant; the arms are delicate but round; the drapery tight, beautifully arranged, and entirely free from mannerism. The remarkable expression on the face of this figure proves that the sculptor must have known his model well; it is one of bitter sadness; the lips are drawn upwards with a feminine expression of scorn, as if her intercourse had been with souls unworthy of her and encountered undeserving disappointments. Under the chair on which she sits lies a great mastiff with a faithful, protecting look.

Among other fine works are a standing portrait of Hortensius, Cicero's rival, representing him in a majestically draped toga at his proudest moment, the instant of successful debate; a remarkably vigorous statue known as the Ruspoli philosopher, who is depicted in the act of arguing, his face quivering with the rage of discussion; and a wonderfully fine head of Aristotle. There are also two heads of Nero, curiously suggestive of his strange character. One is as the hereditary prince, the other as emperor. The handsome boy-face is even more cruel than the imperial portrait. The eyes have a furtive, cunning watchful-

ness in them, and remind one of what his biographers say—that he was first cruel from fear. His mouth is like his grandmother's and mother's, the two Agrippinas, but stronger, and inexpressibly haughty. The hair has a barbarian thickness; it rises up around the temples and forehead, as on the head of a young bull. The imperial bust looks more sensual and ferocious, but has an increased cunning in the expression.

Such are only a few of the wonderful features of a museum concerning which volumes might be written.

Private Galleries.*

COLLECTION OF THE ESTATE OF ALEXANDER TURNER STEWART.

III.

OVER the heads of the horses of Meissonier's "1807" we see the horses of Rosa Bonheur's famous "Foire aux Chevaux." It is a splendid proof of the lady's genius that they bear the contrast well. Stand off from the two pictures, get them both into view at once, and you see that Mademoiselle's animals are solid, each one a rounded complete fact; in Meissonier's picture the illusion of roundness is lost in a scattering of dissected parts; the horses do not stand out in the air like protruding objects that you can see all the way around. The sense of atmospheric distance, of solidities separated from each other by a bath of air—a quality that any representation of real objects should aim to convey—is the success of the lady painter. About a score of principal figures of horses, with indications of others in the crowd, and an equal number of human beings more or less involved in the confusion, make up the groups of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." The animals are being ridden and led to sale in the early light of a fine spring morning. The drama of the picture is concentrated in the middle, where we see a picturesque but discreditable instance of French jockeyship. The sellers of the fine stallions which are used in Paris for the omnibuses are apt to indulge in every means to spoil each other's property; the grooms try to ride down their rivals' beasts, and, taking advantage of the hasty tempers of the half-savage brutes, to make them inflict an injury or disfigurement on their rivals. One stallion, a black, is caused by his rider to rear and paw against another, a pure white animal, who is being hastily led aside by a walking groom. The white shows the easily-excited animosity of an incipient fighter in the wicked roll of his eye, and the man who walks with him, even while busy managing his tossing head and champing mouth, looks back at the other groom with the expression of a quarrel that will keep till a future time; meanwhile the rider of the black, his arm and stick lifted high in the air, and his heels flogging the furry flanks of the animal, makes a fine attitude for the artist, and the central incident of the picture. In front are trotting two very powerful Norman dappled grays, guided by a man in his shirt, who rides the round back of one of them without a saddle. Ponies, hackneys, butchers' cobs, mostly with tails done up in a chignon, French fashion, and all making good time toward the fair, constitute the procession. The horse-market has occupied its present place on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital and the Rue du Maché-aux-Chevaux ever since 1642, when François Barajon, apothecary and chamber valet to the king, obtained the privilege of establishing a horse-market near the present location; the principal entrance is found on the Boulevard side; an ante-court is reserved for the sale of vehicles at auction; then, near the stand of the crier is seen the space destined to accommodate the beasts that are to receive the bids. The market proper, extending toward the Rue du Cendrier, is planted with two parallel alleys of large trees, destined to shade the animals and protect them in some degree from flies (which maintain a flourishing metropolis at the Paris horse market); and it is these symmetrical trees, fringed with the faint green of spring in the pale morning light, which form the beautiful decorative lacework over the bossy forms of Mlle. Bonheur's fat horses. We have seen at least one replica of this picture by the artist—to wit, in the South Kensington Museum, London. Rosa Bonheur is much more highly esteemed as an artist in countries where gallan-

try and chivalry preponderate over the critical spirit, as England and America, than in her own land. She received the decoration of the Legion of Honor from Eugénie—a thing almost unprecedented for a woman—while the Emperor was absent at Solferino. And Cham has represented her favorite model, a mighty bull, as protesting against the color of this incendiary bit of ribbon, and raising in the studio a revolution worthy of the most confirmed woman-hater.

Auguste Bonheur, Rosa's brother, shows at the opposite end of the gallery a picture which is the masterpiece of his life. It represents "Cattle at Fontainebleau." The mighty plainness of Fontainebleau oak-trunks, like an Egyptian peristyle, rises in evenly-spaced grandeur through a great sylvan perspective, over which the crowns of oak-leaf hang in the still air, and dust the ground with percolated golden lights. Huge cattle, in every conceivable attitude of repose, rest on the grassy carpet. The velvet pile of their hides is as real in texture as any woven stuff: beautiful skins of brownish black, or of patched bronze and white, are decried sleeking their soft richness in the spaces between the trees, sometimes turned to glittering leopard-skins as the spots of light fall upon them. Like the "Horse Fair," this picture is broad enough to occupy the end of a gallery. The brother's work is far superior to the sister's in landscape sentiment, expression of atmosphere, and subtle rendering of soft and difficult textures.

A striking and popular picture is the "Triumph of Germanicus," yet it can hardly be said that it is the triumph of Piloty. This German Delaroche is given to artificial-looking and varnishy schemes of color, disjointed efforts at brilliancy in detached spots, and pompous compositions of "personæ" evidently arranged for a theatrical fifth act. As a narrative, an eloquent historical paragraph, the picture must be admitted to succeed. It represents the triumphal entry into Rome accorded to Germanicus by Tiberius in May, A.D. 17. Tiberius really saw in the occasion a telling advertisement of himself. He and his general had prevailed over the Germans, whereas Augustus and his general had been baffled. It was not for Tiberius to be compelled to go about with long hair and beard, dashing his gray head against palace walls at night, and groaning, "Varus! Varus! give me back my legions!" The victory which Arminius, the prince of the Cherusci, had obtained in the three days' fight in Teutoburg forest was corrected by the victory of Germanicus on the Elbe. In the picture, Tiberius caresses in his soul the idea of this "éclatant" achievement of his reign, as from his towering throne he watches the shadow of the triumphal arch fall over the advancing form of Germanicus. Arminius has escaped, and is not there to adorn the triumph. But Arminius's wife, Thusnelda, whom the chief had won by violence in early days, is forced to walk in the procession, leading by the hand her little son Thumelicus. As she had not been taken prisoner of war, but had been given up by her treacherous father, Segestes, it was unknighly and dishonorable in Germanicus to introduce her among his captives. The delivery of Thusnelda to the Romans soon after the Teutoburg battle forms an anterior scene which might equally tempt the Piloty pencil; it is the earlier disgrace of the oft-abased, proud Thusnelda. Her father, to win favor with the Romans, entrapped Germanicus and Thusnelda to his castle, even while his son-in-law was flushed with victory. Arminius escaped, but Thusnelda was conducted like a captive by Germanicus to the Roman camp. "She shed no tear," says Tacitus. "She disdained any word of supplication. With her arms folded under her bosom, she glanced at her figure, which revealed how soon she would become a mother." This glimpse of the uncompromising behavior of a savage princess gives the artist his clue for the delineation of her garb and temper in the subsequent triumph. Strong and haughty, enveloped in her yellow hair, she strides into Rome like one of the Erinnyes. The pageant, of which she is the principal jewel, is the demonstration of Roman theatric art in the first century, and is a superb stage-grouping of trophies, strange barbaric figures, shaggy animals of the north, and blasé Italians condescending to admire a Roman holiday. Already for months past the battle painters and landscapists of the capital have been busy painting the battles of Germanicus, and the scenes of German hill and river where they were fought. These representations of battle and landscape, to glorify the triumphing general, were borne through the city, and some real captives, with some